Dut. Thou tode, thou, tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And little Ned Plantaget, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women.
Raile on the *L*ords annointed. Strike I ſay. *The trumpets ſounde.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamour report of warre,
*T*hus will *I* drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, *I* thank God, my father and your ſelfe.
Dut. *T*hen patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madame *I* haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. *I* will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. And briefe good mother, for *I* am in haſte.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
King. And came *I* not at laſt to comfort you you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
*T*echie and waiward was thy infancie,
*T*hy ſchoole-daies frightfull, deſperate, wilde and furious:
*T*hy age confirmed, proud, ſubtil, bloudie, trecherous,
*W*hat comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakfaſt onceforth of companie:
If be ſo gratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me ſpeake, for *I* ſhall neuer ſee the more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conquerour,
Or *I* with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
*T*herefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,

Which

Which in the day of battell tire thee more
*T*hen all the compleat armor that thou wearſt,
My praiers on the aduerſe partie fight,
And there the litle ſoules of Edwards children,
Whiſper the ſpirit of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, bloudy will be thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *E*
Qu. *T*hough far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to all.
King. *S*tay Madame, *I* muſt ſpeake a word with yo
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
*T*hey ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queene
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue?
And Ile corrupt her manners, ſtaine her beautie,
Slander my ſelfe, as falſe to Edwards bed,
*T*hrow ouer her the vale of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vnskard from bleeding ſlaughter.
I will confeſſe ſhe was not Edwards daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royall blood.
Q. *T*o ſaue her life, Ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.
King. Her life is only ſafeſt in her birth.
Qu. And only in that ſafetie died her brothers.
Kin. *L*o at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of deſteny.
Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes deſtiny,
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
K. Madam, ſo thriue I in my dangerous attempt of h
As *I* intend more good to you and yours, (a
*T*hen euer you or yours were by me wrongd.
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen
*T*o be diſcouerd that can do me good?
King. *T*he aduancement of your children mightie